

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE DEAF-MUTE'S LIFE

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes
He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth
me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and
bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with terror and with
fright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters. No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me
blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows
go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I
cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect
day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and
fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is
there.

And more than this: where'er the path-
way lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my
need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the bliss hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

The Idler.

When Muriel Hastings had idled through three years of high school, with her mind fixed more on the color of her hair ribbons than on Latin prose, her widowed mother, imagining that the girl's pretty face was becoming too pale, withdrew her from school and made her share her own late-rising, idle existence. Having succeeded in fashioning the girl after her own pattern, she died, leaving Muriel bewildered, grief-stricken, debt-ridden.

Henry Loveland, Muriel's uncle, came at once to her assistance; but because of late years there had been no warmth of affection between Mrs. Hastings and her brother, his presence gave the frightened girl no comfort, and she turned abruptly from him to her mother's friends. But they could do nothing for her. Their own positions in life were quite as insecure as Muriel's own; and her steadfast refusal to seek the aid of her bachelor uncle, who was abundantly able to provide for her, tried their patience.

Muriel, however, remained obdurate until one day when, after a swift inventory of the bills in her mother's desk and an unpleasant visit from the agent from whom the apartment was rented, the seriousness of her position became clear to her. Stuffing the bills into her handbag, she went downtown to interview her uncle.

"Now what can I do for you?" Mr. Loveland asked abruptly when Muriel was finally admitted to his private office.

Her eyes dropped under his keen gaze.

"I find that mother left a good many debts, Uncle Henry, and there is no money to pay them."

"I am not surprised. And what do you expect me to do about it?"

"The people are very insistent; some of them are insolent. I thought perhaps you would lend me the money to settle everything. I would pay it back, of course."

"How do you expect to get the money to do that?" asked Mr. Loveland sharply.

"I am thinking about that," Muriel went on, courageously fighting back the tears. If I could finish high school and then go to college, I could easily earn the money."

"Let me see," mused Uncle Henry. "You left high school after three years."

Muriel was surprised that he should have known that fact and remembered it.

"Then this plan that you mention means five years of nonproductive work. Expensive, too. How did you plan to get the money for college?"

"I thought," she said faintly, "that you might be willing to lend me that, too."

"And the security?" he fired.

"My brains," was Muriel's quick retort.

Had she been looking, Muriel would have detected the first gleam of interest that had brightened Mr. Loveland's eyes.

"I never gamble," he said, after an instant.

Muriel flushed angrily. "Of course, if you take it like that—"

"Do you know what those five years would cost?" asked Mr. Loveland.

"I should think five thousand dollars would be enough."

Mr. Loveland tapped the desk with his glasses. "And the debts," he went on, "what do they amount to?"

"I am not quite certain; I added them hastily; there are a good many bills here, Uncle Henry."

"You don't know?" boomed Mr. Loveland.

"I am not a business woman."

"I should think not!"

He reached for the sheaf of bills. Pulling a pad to him, he figured swiftly. At last he leaned back in his chair and studied the girl silently.

"They come to slightly more than two thousand dollars," he declared at last.

Muriel, speechless, lowered her eyes.

"I loved your mother better than she thought I did, but that doesn't prevent me from telling you that she was a very foolish woman, Muriel. I wish you were able to remember your father. He was a brave man. He died as an officer and a gentleman would wish to die—for his country. Your mother had his pension and an annuity that ceased at her death. This," he touched the papers on his desk, "is what she did with the gifts of a generous government and a thoughtful husband. You, too, are her handwork," he added grimly. "She taught you to be an idler and a waster of money."

Muriel rose. "Uncle Henry—" she began. "Sit down!" he said, and when she had reluctantly obeyed he asked a question that astonished her: "What time did you get up this morning?"

"At ten o'clock."

"Who got your breakfast?"

"Why, the maid, of course!"

"And has the maid been paid recently?"

Muriel flushed and shook her head.

"You were asleep when you should have been searching for work, being waited upon by an unpaid servant when you should have been taking care of yourself! And then you come to me, proposing that I loan you seven thousand dollars without security, payments to begin after five years!"

He drew another chair to his desk. "Sit here," he commanded. "Add five thousand dollars to the sum and find out what you would owe me at the end of five years, interest at five per cent, compounded annually."

"I can't," faltered Muriel.

"And you are past eighteen! And you offered your brains as security!"

Once more Muriel rose to terminate an interview that had become intolerable to her. She reached for the bills, but her uncle drew them away from her hand.

"I'll pay these," he said. "And if you care for my advice, it is to lose no time in getting out of those expensive quarters and finding work. Here is my check for enough to keep you till you find something to do."

"I don't want your gifts. I came here with a business proposition."

"Hardly what I should call a business proposition! You never expected to borrow money—you wanted me to give it to you."

She began a vehement denial, but he checked her.

"I don't say that you knew you were begging. You have no purpose—no aim. It occurred to you that going to college would put off the day of reckoning for five years. You don't really feel an urgent desire to go. Stop this drifting. Find out definitely where you want to go before you set out. Determine upon your harbor, hoist sail and keep a steady course. And your will is rudder and compass and sail."

He thrust his check into her half-unwilling hand. "If, when that is gone, you have not found work, it will be because you've been too fussy or haven't tried hard enough. Good by."

At the door Muriel turned. "Don't blame mother," she began; "she never expected—"

"It's the unexpected that tests our resources," Mr. Loveland broke in without looking up from the work into which he had already plunged.

Once out of the office, Muriel gave a furtive glance at the check. It was for two hundred dollars. Feeling bruised and humiliated, she hurried home, and flinging herself on her bed, she sobbed until she was exhausted.

The next day she began in tearful rebellion to dismantle the rooms that had sheltered her. The maid, certain at last of her pay, remained to help, and together they packed for storage the furniture and endless bric-a-brac. Muriel's back ached from the unaccustomed toil, and her hands and face were smeared with dust when the bell rang and the maid admitted Muriel's former teacher of French in the high school.

"I've heard about your trouble," Miss Day began. "What are you going to do, my dear?"

"I've got to go to work," Muriel replied chokingly. "Meanwhile, I am going to Miss Hadley's to board."

"Miss Hadley's is very expensive," Miss Day remarked.

"Is it?" Muriel returned absently.

"If you mean to economize, you must begin by learning what a dollar is really worth. Why not come in with Miss Manning and me? We have a little apartment and do our own work. You could pay your share of the cost. It would be the cheapest way you could live."

This herding with teachers who seemed so much older than she was would not be wholly attractive, Muriel said to herself; but fear had entered her soul, and Miss Day's air of quiet efficiency comforted her.

"Oh, might I?" she asked, and the matter was settled.

In the weeks that followed, Muriel persistently sought work, but she found no place for the untrained girl.

"What can you give me in return for my money?" one man to whom she applied asked her curtly. "Do you know bookkeeping? Short-hand? Typing?"

Muriel admitted that she did not.

"Then you want something for nothing," he declared bluntly.

"When you've got something to sell, I'll talk with you."

For a week she worked as a filing clerk, but she blundered so much that she was dismissed.

"There's no use going on like this," she said to Miss Day one night. "I've got to learn to do some one thing as well as anyone else can do it."

"Have you thought out a plan?"

"I know what I want to do, Miss Day."

"Whether you can or not depends upon how sincere your wish is."

Muriel considered that silently.

"What is it that you want to do?" Miss Day asked at last.

"I am going back to high school after the holidays. I am going to graduate next June, and I am going to earn my living while I study. Then I am going to college. No more half equipment for me."

"Good! Now what can you do? I know you hate that question, but I want you to answer it carefully. Most of us can do some one thing well. What can you do?"

Muriel thought about it for a long time, then she looked up with a gleam in her gray eyes.

"I can serve at table," she said.

"For the sake of economy, mother always employed a young, inexperienced girl and trained her. And mother was very fastidious about her table service. I believe I could earn my board and room that way."

"You don't mind that?" Miss Day asked. This was a higher hurdle than she had expected Muriel to attempt.

"I can't afford to mind anything, can I? I shall sell the furniture when I get the chance. Perhaps I can afford to have Miss Manning tutor me in shorthand evenings. That would give me something to offer at college to help pay my expenses there."

Miss Day and Miss Manning helped Muriel through the first days of her new resolution, and in less than a week she was established as waitress in a small family. Mrs. Hayden provided her with good food and a good room, Miss Day saw to that,

and her studies were light enough to give her time for the more difficult task of unaccustomed study.

Muriel had never been a sincere student, and her brain, after its period of inaction, rebelled at getting into training; but she kept her eyes on her aim with somewhat the same heroic purpose that had sent her father up San Juan Hill.

She thought of Uncle Henry infrequently. She would have liked him to know that the derelict was now equipped with a sail and a rudder, but he gave no sign that he cared to know anything about her. Curiously enough, her resentment toward him subsided. There seemed to be no room in her life for unnecessary and fatiguing emotions. So, while she worked hard, the year wore on.

One hot evening in June Muriel laid aside her pencil with a stifled yawn. She had been having her customary hour with Miss Manning.

"Don't you think I am speaking up a bit?" she asked.

"You are doing splendidly."

"And the other studies—how are they coming on?" Miss Day asked.

"Well, I'm free to admit that I'm no wonder," Muriel replied ruefully.

"But I think I shall squeak through. It's the history that worries me. I've had one piece of luck, anyway. I have sold the furniture. Mrs. Hayden's brother bought every stick. I got four hundred dollars—not what it is worth, perhaps, but enough to cut a big slice off the sum I owe Uncle Henry. I sent it to him this evening."

The two women exchanged swift glances.

"But, my dear! He never regarded that as a loan."

"I did," Muriel's chin lifted.

"He'll get every penny with interest. And I can compute interest now, too," she added, smiling, as she settled her shabby hat on her dark hair.

A day or two later Mr. Hayden, on returning home from business, sought his wife in her room.

"I've brought Henry Loveland home to dinner," he announced calmly.

"Why in the world did you do that?"

"I can't see why a man shouldn't ask a friend to dinner even if it is hot."

"I don't care for the heat, but you've asked the brute here to be served by his own niece."

Mr. Hayden's jaw dropped. "He is no brute," he declared. "If he is letting Muriel work, he's got an object—I know Henry Loveland."

But Mrs. Hayden was young, and she liked Muriel. "I hope he chokes," she declared as she put aside her book.

A caller came, and Mrs. Hayden had no time to prepare Muriel for the awkward meeting with her uncle. Muriel was pale, and purple shadows lay beneath her eyes. Her most dreaded examination was to come the next day, and her mind was vaulting down dynasties and charging across battlefields.

On seeing her uncle, the color surged to her cheeks for an instant; but it receded at once and left her composed and very efficient. Mr. Loveland was unwontedly jovial; his mouth never once settled into the stern, forbidding lines that Muriel remembered so well.

"I am sorry, my dear," Mrs. Hayden said to Muriel later. "I had no time to warn you." "It's quite all right, Mrs. Hayden," was Muriel's cheerful response.

The next afternoon when Muriel emerged from the school building with a group of girls, she was mentally offering up a hymn of thanksgiving, for she knew that she had done well in her examination.

"Look, Muriel! Isn't that your uncle?" one girl said.

It was Uncle Henry in his powerful roadster, which was drawn up to the curb.

As Muriel caught his eye he beckoned to her, and hat in hand came across the pavement to meet her.

"How do you do, Uncle Henry?" Muriel began, holding out her hand.

"Climb into the car," he said.

"I'm going to take you for a spin."

"Honestly, Uncle Henry, I'd love it, but Mrs. Hayden—"

"You're all through with Mrs. Hayden except in the capacity of a friend. Your clothes have been sent to my house. We're going to motor up the river and have dinner."

"Wh-what?" was all that Muriel could say.

"And I'm going to teach you to drive this car. I'm thinking of giving it to you. You've got to get some color back into your cheeks before college opens in the fall. After dinner we're going to Mme. Demarest's for a fitting of that commencement dress. We have a special appointment."

"Please, Uncle Henry," said Muriel, "don't trouble to wake me up if I'm dreaming."

"I hated to do what I did Muriel, but I saw no other way of saving you from being an addepledated idler. And my plan worked. I've had steady reports from Miss Day, and when I got that four hundred dollars I disgraced myself before my secretary."

"Uncle Henry, do you mean that all this year when I thought I was alone you were right there with me?"

"To be sure I was. You never made a move that I didn't know about it right away," was the reply.

"I felt like a brute most of the time too." They ran on in silence until Mr. Loveland became uneasy and added: "That four hundred dollars and another hundred for each month of your struggle are in the bank in your name; it's over a thousand now."

"I didn't suppose there was so much money in the world," Muriel said breathlessly. "O, Uncle Henry I'm so happy I'm suffocating! Did you ever feel like that? It isn't the car or the gown or college or the money, but knowing that I belong to someone who cares."

"Now change places," he said seeking to escape further expression of her emotion, which embarrassed him, "and I'll teach you to handle this car."

"Before I begin," she said, "it's only fair to tell you that you will never know how I ached to pour Mrs. Hayden's iced bouillon down your correct neck last night."

She laughed a laugh that had a quaver in it, and then she gave her attention to the clutch.

SPENDING AND HELPING THE ENEMY.

Uncle Sam needs twenty billions of dollars or so this year for the war.

What does Uncle Sam do with this money? He spends it just as you and I spend our money.

What does he spend the money for? For ships, guns, shells, clothes and food for the soldiers and sailors, and for many other things needed to carry on war.

What do you and I spend our money for? For houses to live in, clothes to wear, and for many other things of greater or less use to us.

But some of the things we want are exactly the same things Uncle Sam wants, and some of the other things we want, while not exactly the same as the other things Uncle Sam wants, require, in order to be made, the raw material, labor and transportation facilities that are also required for making the further things that Uncle Sam must have.

Uncle Sam could not perhaps use your new suit. But he could have used the wool that is in it, the labor that fashioned it brought it to market, and the transportation agencies that were necessary to carry it.

Hence, every time you buy something that you do not positively need you are selfishly withdrawing from service to Uncle Sam raw material and supplies, labor and transportation.

There is available only certain amount of raw material of all kinds; labor can be pushed only to a certain limit, and beyond maximum capacity nothing further can be expected from the railroads.

Before the war, we used everything to cater to our own private needs. Now, about one-half of all that we can produce must be put aside for war purposes. If that is to be done—and it must be done if we are going to win—everybody must do his "bit."

We cannot eat our cake and have it too! We cannot insist upon eating and dressing and having a good time as before, and expect our government to put up a winning fight. When we save, we stop competing with Uncle Sam—and that means with the boys in the trenches.

Better still, when we save and

put our savings in Thrift and War Saving Stamps, we are saving to our boys in the trenches. "Here, boys, count on me. Here is food and clothing and medicine. If this is not enough, I'll do even better."

The best way to do "even better" is by joining a War Saving Society. Then in "our crowd," in "our shop," in "our office," we will learn to do without by all agreeing to do without the same things.

WAR SAVING BUREAU,
National War Savings Committee
51 Chambers Street,
New York City.

Why Some Deaf People Fail to Hold Positions.

At the Convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, held at Mt. Airy last August, an address was made by Rev. F. C. Smiley, himself a deaf man, in the course of which he pointed out clearly and unmistakably why some deaf people can not hold positions long, as well as why some firms do not care to employ deaf workmen. We commend his address to the apprentices in the shops at our Schools. He said, in part:

A deaf man in central Pennsylvania lost his job last winter. He was very much down in the mouth, and he came to me and said, "I have lost my job." I asked him why. "Compensation law," he said. "I am deaf and dumb, and they don't want deaf persons."

I said I was very sorry, and asked him where he worked, the name of the boss, and a few other questions. I told him to wait.

So I went around to the place where he worked. I talked with the boss and told him that a deaf person had lost his position. He said, "He was discharged."

"Why? On account of the compensation act?" "No, no," he said. "He was getting angry, wanting more money, and was disgruntled all the time, so I let him go." But he blamed it on the compensation law.

It has come to my observation during the past few years that often the deaf-mutes themselves are to blame if they cannot find employment. I am not referring to any particular individual, for we all have our faults and make mistakes sometimes; but there are some deaf-mutes who have little or no patience. Like some hearing people they want to begin at the top of the ladder and earn "big money" when they should begin at the bottom, and with patience, industry and steady habits work to the top. I know of some young deaf-mutes whom I have helped to find employment. They began all right and their prospects for advancement and good wages were excellent. But they were impatient, argued with their superiors and grumbled about their small wages. Some quit, some were discharged. Even those who found employment elsewhere with better wages did not tell their firms they were leaving for something better, not as much as a polite "thank you for your kindness" ever entered their heads.

What was the result of this? I know some of these firms will never employ another deaf-mute. You will say, "hearing men are the same and do the same things." True, but we must not forget that there are fewer deaf-mutes and as a rule they are noticed more particularly by their employers. Take the case of Jacob Otto at Altoona. He has been working as a blacksmith for the Pennsylvania Railroad car shops for forty-three years. He has made it easy for other deaf-mutes to find work there. He is one that can "stick to a good thing and let his work speak for itself." In a year or so he will retire with a comfortable pension for the rest of his life.

I know of a deaf-mute who learned the shoemaker's trade in the State School for the deaf. After graduation he applied for work. He stated that he had worked at his trade for ten years. He was taken in at once, and put to work at a lasting machine. The firm thought they were fortunate to get a young man with ten years' experience. He was promised fifteen dollars a week. "Big money" to begin with, you will say. But he makes mistakes at the start, spoiled some leather and a good machine. Along comes the foreman who says "where did you learn your trade?" "At the State School for the Deaf," he answers. "How long did you work at your trade?" "Ten years." "Did you work ten or eight hours a day every day for ten years?" "No, I was a pupil and worked only two and then three hours a day." The foreman understands. He corrects the deaf-mute and tries to show him "how to do things." But the deaf-mute thinks he knows it all. He gets mad. He will not be patient and learn, so his mistakes cause damage. The foreman reports to the firm.

When pay-day comes, the deaf-mute in his assurance of "Fifteen dollars a week" takes his turn in the pay-line. When he gets his envelope he finds only three dollars. "Some mistake," he says, and goes straight to the office. He argues with the head and is told that he must serve an apprenticeship of two or three years with three dollars a week to begin. "I quit," he says and goes off in a bad humor. Then he tries something else, with the same result. My friends, do you wonder that an instance like that will make it hard for the generations of the deaf to come to find employment? The conduct of one, be it good or bad, will have more or less influence on the many that follow. Let us all take this home with us and try to cultivate patience, industry and steady habits. Only in this way can we make it easy for future generations of the deaf to find employment.

Let us not forget that in every trade and in every kind of work there are thousands of workmen and workingwomen. But of the thousands how many, may I ask, are first-class workers, the BEST? Not many you will answer, and you are right. Suppose the deaf should aim to be the BEST workers in any kind of work or trade, there is absolutely nothing that would affect them; on the contrary, their services would be in demand and they would always command good wages and salaries and have steady employment. Their deafness would have nothing to do with ability to find work, and I will now illustrate my contention.

In Bellefonte there was a deaf-mute tailor, John I. Leopard. He is a first class coat-maker and all-round tailor. For nearly twenty years he was with the same firm, the largest clothing house in the town. Twice he went to another firm, but on each occasion was brought back by a raise in salary. I speak of his getting a salary, because he was paid every week no matter if he made five coats or none at all; he was given two weeks vacation with full pay, and sometimes the firm would pay his fare to Atlantic City or anywhere else he chose to go. In a word, he was considered indispensable by his firm.

But he had a family of growing boys and the opportunities for them in Bellefonte were small. Finally he decided to try Bloomsburg: Somehow, his reputation as a FIRST-CLASS coatmaker preceded him. At Bloomsburg he asked for work and got it. All he had to do was to tell his name, and where he came from. In a week a shop was fitted up for him and the store with the request that he "make himself at home and come and go as he pleased." A few weeks later the senior member of the Bellefonte firm came after him, offered him a substantial increase in salary and other inducements if he would return. My good friend Leopard could not see his way to return and he is now a trusted and efficient tailor in Bloomsburg. I would urge all the deaf to do as the good Book says: "Go thou and do likewise."

Notice of Convention.

The Thirty-Eighth Annual Convention of the Maine Mission of the Deaf will be held at Skowhegan, Maine, August 31, and September 1 and 2, 1918. Circulars will be ready for distribution shortly.

ALBERT L. CARLISLE, President,
27 Forest Avenue,
Bangor, Maine.
FANNIE P. KIMBALL, Secretary,
20 Gilman Street,
Portland, Maine.

FANWOOD.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH COMMENCEMENT.

THE one hundredth commencement of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was held on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 18th, 1918, at three o'clock. The school year closed on June 19th. The program for the day was as follows:

I. Prayer.
II. Address by the President of the Institution.
III. Exercises by the Pupils, conducted by the Principal.

1. Salutatory Address and Graduating Essay, James N. Orman.
2. Montessori and Kindergarten Exercises, Miss Scofield, Directress.

a. Rhythmic Exercises and Games. [Montessori and First Year Pupils.] Conducted by Miss Farnam.
1. March.
2. Rhythmic Exercises and Syllable Drills. [Kindergarten Games.]
The Muffin Man.
4. In my hand a ball I hold.
Dan Tucker.
b. Patrioticism.
[Second and Third Year Pupils.] Conducted by Miss Forsythe.
1. A Flag Drill.
2. Doing Our "Bit."

Leader: We are just small boys,
But we all know quite well,
We can help to win this war
Just listen while we tell.

First Boy: I'm a little helper,
For I have done my "bit,"
By saving this tin foil
And learning how to knit.

Third Boy: I'm a loaf of bread,
Saved from a wheelless day,
If every family saved a loaf,
You'd see how it would pay.

Fourth Boy: I'm a big roast beef,
From a meatless day I came,
I'll feed our soldier boys in camp,
And help win this game.

Fifth Boy: I'm a shovelful of coal,
If you save one every day,
You will help to make the soldiers
warm.

And keep Jack Frost away.
Sixth Boy: I'm a little Thrift Stamp,
And all you people know
That saving up your pennies
Is the way to make me grow.

Seventh Boy: I'm a War Saving Stamp,
Many Thrift Stamps made me;
And so to do my "bit,"
I've been saving, you see.

Eighth Boy: I'm a Liberty Bond,
Just see how big I am;
And every time you buy one
You're helping Uncle Sam.

All: Hold high the stripes and show the stars,
Red, white and blue, bright flag of ours.

c. Action Plays and Dances.

[Third and Fourth Year Pupils.] Conducted by Miss Myer.
1. Peasants. [An English Folk Dance.]
a. Baa, Baa, Black Sheep. [Action Play.]

Baa, baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir,
Three bags full.
One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

2. Little Miss Muffet. [Action Play.]
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey,
There came a big spider and sat
Down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

3. Rye Waltz. [Danced as a Paul Jones Dance.]

4. Primary, Intermediate Classes.

Flag Exercise [Miss Townsend's and Miss Green's Classes.]

March, march, march, march
Proudly we march on our way;
March, march, march, march
We follow the flag today.

March, march, march, march—
Follow the red, white and blue;
March, march, proudly march,
Loyal our hearts and true!
Hurrah for the red, white and blue,
Hurrah for the red, white and blue.

Whenever there is suffering,
Whenever blood is shed,
Whenever the red, white and blue
Waves so brightly overhead—
The women are at service too,
They follow when they're led
By the flag we love and honor,
The white flag with cross of red.

To fight for liberty, over the sea
Three men from our school have gone
away,
And you see that we have a star for each
On the flags we carry here today.

5. Art Work with the Deaf. By Miss Pepper.

MUSIC BY LEWIN.

6. Presentation of Gymnasium Work. Conducted by Miss Matthews.

7. Graduating Essay, August P. Herdtfelder.

8. Graduating Essay with Valedictory Address, Jean Paul Gruet.

9. Report on the Annual Examination, by the Chairman of the Committee on Instruction.

10. Distribution of Diplomas, Certificates, and Prizes.

Certificates of good scholarship for the five years' course were given to: Allen G. Cattanch, Louis Cohen, Humphrey J. Conlon, Daniel Lazrowitz, Hyman Stechel, Silvio Salerno, Mary Caplan, Sarah Grey, Cecelia DeCamillis, Margaret Griffin, Sarah Jacobs, Blume Mandelbaum, Katie

Maltz, Esther M. Pelcher, Agnes Watson, Dora Whitman:
Diplomas for the eight years' course were given to: Hessel Bellin, Frederick W. Parker, George H. St. Clair, Jacob Stark, Solomon Schatz, William Staragursky, Solomon Schwartz, Charles Sussman, Conrad Ulmer, John J. Uhl, Rebecca Champagne, Margaret Grosskopf, Charlotte Hoffman, Elizabeth Kohler, Anna L. Lange, Lillie Lieberz, Rose Wax.

Diplomas for Supplementary Course were given to: Michiele Ciavolino, Albert Neger, Reuben Pois, Sarah Elowitz.

Diplomas of the highest grade were given to: Jean Paul Gruet, August Herdtfelder, James N. Orman.

DRESSMAKING, ETC.
The prize for embroidery was won by Thursia La Mour.

The prizes for Shirtmaking were conferred on Clara Sylvester and Amelia Bahr.

The prizes for Dressmaking were conferred on Sarah Elowitz and Grace Cudale.

The prizes for Plain Sewing were conferred on Doris Patterson and Sonnia Fein.

COOKING.
The prizes for proficiency in cooking were awarded in the different grades, respectively, to: Elsie Hatch, Jessie Garrick, Angelo Alotta, Rose Ortner, Sam Fleischer, Millie Doino, Florence Kaiser, Arna Olsen, Blume Mandelbaum, Natalie Cerniglio.

PRINTING.
The prizes for speed and accuracy in typesetting, punctuality and good conduct during the year, originality and taste in job work, and general knowledge in printing, were awarded as follows: First Grade, James N. Orman; Second Grade, Jacob Seltzer; Third Grade, Thomas Whalen; Fourth Grade, Charles Morris.

The prize for Press Work was given to Albert Neger.

The prize for marked improvement and good conduct was awarded to August Herdtfelder.

A prize for General Excellence was awarded to Jean Paul Gruet.

Prizes were given to the pupils of each division for proficiency in their respective trades, viz:—

CARPENTERS.
Morning Division—1st, Gerrig H. St. Clair, Jr.; 2d, Roy W. Parsons; 3d, Louis Libson.

Afternoon Division—1st, Joseph Landberg; 2d, Harry Newman; 3d, Conrad Ulmer.

HOUSE PAINTING, GLAZING AND SIGN-WRITING.
Morning Division—1st, Hessel Bellin; 2d, Jacob Stark; 3d, Joseph Mazzola.

Afternoon Division—1st, Armond Gabrielson; 2d, James McVernon; 3d, Meyer Lifshitz.

ART.
From the interest of the bequest made to the Institution by the late Madame Jumel, the following prizes were awarded in the Department of Art:—

Advanced Grade—1st, Louis Casinelli; 2d, Aurelio Ruggiero; 3d, Clinton Conklin.

Intermediate—1st, Arthur Jensen; 2d, Jacob Gleicher; 3d, James Stewart; for Design, William Ruthven.

Primary—1st, Clarence Peterson; 2d, Lucy Tichenor; 3d, Fred McLellan; for Basketry, Beatrice Martin.

The Henry Jansen Haight prizes for painting were awarded to: 1st, Michiele Ciavolino; 2d, Jean Paul Gruet; 3d, James N. Orman.

MILITARY.
The Archibald D. Russell Gold Medals, for Highest Proficiency in the School of the Soldier, were awarded to: Cadet Jake Pelles, "A" Company; Cadet Charles Fitzpatrick, "B" Company; Cadet Gottlieb Kindel, "C" Company.

The Principal's Gold Medal, for the Best Drill Officer, was awarded to Cadet Captain August Herdtfelder.

The General George Moore Smith Medals, for Marked Excellence in Military Drill, were awarded to: Cadet First Sergeant George St. Clair and Cadet Abraham Fishberg, "A" Company; Cadets Richard Marshall and Max Sinner, "B" Company; Cadets Leslie Williams and Grover English, "C" Company.

The Medal for General Excellence in Field Music, was awarded to Cadet Assistant Band Leader Allen G. Cattanch.

CASH PRIZES.
In accordance with the provisions of the bequest made to this Institution by the late Maria De Witt Jesup, the following beneficiaries were named as proper subjects for the award:—

Printers—Frederick W. Parker, Charles Sussman, William Staragursky, Reuben Pois, Jean Paul Gruet, August Herdtfelder, James N. Orman.

Painter—Hessel Bellin.
Carpenter—George H. St. Clair, Jr.

Sewing—Rebecca Champagne, Charlotte Hoffman, Elizabeth Kohler, Rose Wax, Sarah Elowitz.

Art—Michiele Ciavolino.

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES.
The Eliza Mott Prize, for im-

provement in character was awarded to Eva Miller.

The Alstyne Prize, for general excellence in character and perseverance in well doing, was awarded to Michiele Ciavolino.

The Demilt Prize, for character and scholarship, was awarded to Bessie Frey.

The Cary Testimonial, for superiority in scholarship, was awarded to August Herdtfelder.

The Frizzel Prize, for unremitting effort and successful attainment, whether in language, signs, poetry, or other studies embraced in the Intermediate Course, was awarded to Lillie Lieberz.

The prize provided by the Manhattan Literary Association of Deaf-Mutes of New York City, to be conferred annually upon such pupil as shall have attained excellence in both the educational and printing departments, was awarded to Reuben Pois.

The Dennistoun prize, for superiority in English Composition, was awarded to James N. Orman.

The prize provided by the League of Elect Surds, the Fraternal Society of the adult deaf in the City of New York, to be conferred annually upon the Graduate who, in the judgment of the Principal, has made the best progress in all departments during the year, was awarded to Rose Wax.

The Ida Montgomery Testimonial, provided in fulfillment of the wishes of the late Benjamin Robert Winthrop, to be conferred upon such graduate pupil who, having become deaf prior to the age of fifteen years, shall in the judgment of the Principal, have shown Marked Excellence in Studies, Character and Manual Skill, was awarded to Rebecca Champagne.

The testimonial to be conferred every year, in accordance with the terms of the bequest to this Institution by the late Harriet Stoner, upon such pupil as has not acquired any knowledge through the ear, and at the time of graduation shall be found to have attained the highest comparative excellence in character and study, was awarded to Sarah Elowitz.

The Holbrook Gold Medal, for Highest Excellence in all the studies pursued in the High Class, was awarded to Jean Paul Gruet.

"America," recited in signs by the choir and sung by the audience, accompanied by Lewin.

Benediction.

TAPS.

IVY DAY.
Thursday, June 13th, was observed as Ivy Day at the Institution. It also commemorated the date of the Teachers' Convention, the occasion of unusual activity in the School Buildings. The afternoon, a beautiful June afternoon, saw the Class of 1918 plant the Class Ivy. The ceremonies this year were held on the Northwest side of the Main Building fronting the river, attended by the whole School and the visiting delegation present.

Led by the class Color Bearer, Miss Rebecca Champagne, and the Class-Elect Ivy Orator, Cadet Band Leader Michiele D. Ciavolino, the graduates in line of two filed out of the Main Building down the sunlit porch, and with solemn step, joined in by the Principal, Dr. Fox and the Fanwood teaching staff, marched to the chosen place of the exercises. The Battalion, assembled at the entrance, under command of Major Van Tassel, saluted, and then led the procession as honorary escort.

The Ivy Address by Cadet Ciavolino was a patriotic and outspoken essay, aiming to depict the lesson and glory illustrated by the tiny seed and clinging vine of the plant that so gloriously adorns the several buildings. The spokesman beseeched the Class to always bear with them the memory of the Ivy and to ever strive to imitate its lofty character. Principal Gardner followed with a few parting words, rich with prudence, encouragement, and with praise for the class. He then invited the distinguished visiting Principals of the neighboring New York Schools to address the class. Those who witnessed the exercises and made short addresses were: Dr. Charles H. Johnson, Secretary of the State Board of Charities; Dr. Robert W. Hill, Superintendent of State Alien Poor; Dr. Harris Taylor, Principal Lexington Avenue School; Mr. E. A. Gruver, Principal Central New York Institution; Mr. E. C. Rider, Principal Northern New York Institution. Dr. Fox made the last touching speech of the afternoon. Others present were: Mr. Quincy McGuire, Principal Albany Institution; Miss Frances O'Connor, Principal St. Joseph's, Westchester; Sister Mary Ann Burke, Principal Le Contentx Institution, Buffalo; Miss Helen Hill, Inspector State Board of Charities; and one hundred prominent teachers of the deaf of New York State.

In the evening appropriate arrangements were carried out by a Teachers' Committee, assisted by Principal and Mrs. Gardner, tendering the Class of 1918 one of the most memorable Ivy parties held yet.

CHOP SUEY—Nov. 16, '18
—SATURDAY—

Seventh Annual PICNIC AND GAMES

New York Council, No. 2, Knights of De l'Epee

BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP
Middle States N. F. S. D.
GREATER N. Y. NEWARK, N. J.
"FRATS 23" vs. "FRATS 42"

Relay Race for Cup.
Tag of War for American Flag.
100 Yard Needle Race for Gents, (Ladies and Children.)

Music by our favorite.

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1918

Admission 25 cents
Gates open at 1:30 P.M.

Space reserved for

BASKET-BALL & DANCE

under the

Auspices of the Deaf-Mutes'

Union League.

for the

CHAMPIONSHIP N.Y.D.M.

February 22, 1919

[Particulars Later]

GRAND BALL

Thanksgiving Eve

Wednesday Nov. 27, 1918

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

— AT —

CORRIGAN HALL

157th St. and Broadway.

— Good Music —

The couple adjudged to be the best dancers will each receive a silver cup—one to the gentleman and one to the lady.

Two turkeys will be given away.

Admission, 50 Cents
(including wardrobe)

TO YOU!

The most anxious Agent will not insure your house if it smells of smoke and none insure the lives of sick men or women.

We are open only for those who are well enough and smart enough to get there in time. The time to prepare is NOW while it is possible to make the preparation.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Boston, Mass., is the oldest Co. in America, with assets of over seventy million dollars. It offers the BEST policy contract ever issued to the deaf, at same low rates as to hearing persons.

Write me for full information which will open your eyes and perhaps give you an entirely new view of Life Insurance. I feel sure that you will not only be interested, but also thank me in years to come. Medical examination free.

MARCUS L. KENNER
Special Agent
200 WEST 111TH STREET
New York City

Hartford, 1917

The glorious convention immortalized (photographically) by Alex L. Pach. Every group an artistic success.

Great Panorama, N. A. D. July 4th, \$1.00
" " Teachers July 2d, 1.00

Superintendents and Principals, Ephraim at the Cathedral, Platte at Lake Compounce

All furnished Unmounted at \$1.00
Mounted Platinum . . . 1.35
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New York Frats Banquet to the French and Other Delegates

Unmounted \$1.25
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Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23
N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 200 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, MAX M. LUBIN, Secretary, 1892 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; or JOHN D. SHERA, State (Eastern New York) Organizer, 73 W. 90th St., New York.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.
An Organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf.

OBJECTS
To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To seek the enactment of laws for the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De l'Epee—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP
Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States.
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

FEES AND DUES
Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50 Cents. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

OFFICIAL ORGAN: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

OFFICERS
James H. Cloud, President.
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.
James W. Howson, First Vice-President.
Instructor School for the Deaf, Berkeley, California.
Clon G. Lamson, Second Vice-President.
Teacher School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.

Arthur L. Roberts, Secretary.
Instructor School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.
John H. McFarlane, Treasurer.
Instructor School for the Deaf, Talladega, Alabama.
Jay C. Howard, Board Member.
Investment and Real Estate, Duluth, Minnesota.

Olof Hanson, Board Member.
Architect, Omaha, Nebraska.

TRUSTEES ENDOWMENT FUND.
Willis Hubbard, Treasurer, Flint, Michigan.
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Edwin W. Friabee, West Medford, Mass.

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Through whom remittances for dues, fees, donations and life membership may be made.

Alabama: J. M. Robertson, School for the Deaf, Talladega.
Arkansas and Texas: Rev. J. W. Michaels, Box 96, Fort Smith, Ark.
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California: J. W. Howson, 2915 Regent Street, Berkeley.
Colorado and Kansas: A. L. Roberts, 547 E. Louis Street, Olathe, Kan.
New England States: W. C. Rockwell, 30 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Ct.
Delaware and New Jersey: G. S. Porter, 409 Ardmore Avenue, Trenton, N. J.
District of Columbia: Rev. H. C. Merrill, 218 East 6th Street, Washington.
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Idaho and Wyoming: M. G. Griffin, Wheatland, Wyoming.

Illinois: Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, 4426 Calumet Avenue, Chicago.
Indiana: A. H. Norris, School for the Deaf, Indianapolis.
Iowa: Matthew McCook, Riceville.
Kentucky: E. McV. Hay, 1404 Corvinton, Louisville.
Louisiana: Rev. H. L. Tracy, 917 Asia Street, Baton Rouge.
Maryland: Rev. D. E. Moynan, 1002 W. Franklin Street, Baltimore.
Michigan: J. M. Stewart, 408 West Court Street, Flint.
Minnesota: V. R. Spence, Box 73, Faribault.
Mississippi: Miss Lily A. Gwyn, Eunora.
Missouri: Henry Gross, School for the Deaf, Fulton.

Montana: Mrs. P. H. Brown, Boulder.
Nebraska: Mrs. O. C. Blankenship, School for the Deaf, Omaha.
New Mexico: J. B. Bangardner, Box 41, Santa Fe.
New York: M. L. Kenner, 200 West 111 Street, New York City.
North Carolina: W. R. Hackney, 1808 East 7th Street, Charlotte.
North Dakota: T. L. Sheridan, 1801 Kittson Avenue, Devils Lake.
Ohio: Miss Clon G. Lamson, School for the Deaf, Columbus.

Oklahoma: O. G. Carrell, School for the Deaf, Sulphur.
Oregon: Miss Marion E. Finch, School for the Deaf, Salem.
Pennsylvania: H. E. Stevens, Box 81, Merchantsville, New Jersey.
South Dakota: I. M. Robinson, School for the Deaf, Sioux Falls.
Tennessee: T. E. Marr, 701 Staham Building, Nashville.
Virginia: W. C. Ritter, School for the Deaf, Newport News.
Washington: N. Carl Garrison, Box 23, Camano.
West Virginia: C. D. Seaton, School for the Deaf, Romney.
Wisconsin: Thomas Hagerty, School for the Deaf, Delavan.
Georgia and South Carolina: JOIN THE N. A. D. DO IT NOW.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL & CAKE SALE
Under the Auspices of the De l'Epee Sorosis

AT
NORGE'S HALL
235 Union & Smith Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, June 29, 1918.
[8 P.M.]

Music by our Favorite

Dancing Games Refreshments Prizes

Tickets 35 Cents

ARRANGEMENT COM.—Kathleen McGuire, Chairlady; Julia Curtis, Sec'y; Edward Jennings, Treas.; Helen McGuire, Maude Jennings.

DIRECTIONS—How to reach the hall: Smith St. car, also Union St. car from Brooklyn Bridge to the hall.

W. S. S.

The Allied War-Savings Societies of the Deaf

has been organized and will prosecute to the utmost and in every way all its efforts to the end that effective and substantial aid is given to our Government by inducing investment in War Savings and Thrift Stamps on the part of every member and by encouraging Personal Service. This War-Savings Society is now affiliated with the National War-Savings Committee and is composed of:

THE ARTISTS' SOCIETY.
BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH.
CLARK DEAF-MUTES' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.
DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.
GUILD OF ST. MATTHEWS' LUTHERAN CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.
KNIGHTS OF DE L'EPEE.
LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS.
LADIES OF DE L'EPEE.
MEN'S CLUB OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF, GREATER N. Y., NO. 23.
SISTERHOOD OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF.
THE SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF.
WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.
XAVIER ALLIED SOCIETIES.

Please buy your stamps from your favorite society and help boost our War-Savings Society. Our Motto is \$10,000 by Dec. 31, 1918.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM, Chairman,
18 WEST 107TH STREET, NEW YORK
ALEXANDER L. PACH, Secretary,
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OUTING AND FIELD DAY

Reunion in Celebration of the Institution Centenary

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

— ON THE GROUNDS OF THE —

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

Fort Washington Avenue and West 163d Street.

Saturday

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Charles Bryan, a well-known and popular deaf-mute of this city, died at his home on Washington Heights, on Wednesday morning, June 26th, after a long and painful illness, aged sixty-six years. Funeral services were conducted on Friday evening, June 28th, at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Rev. John H. Keiser officiating. The Church was filled with sorrowing friends, a great many of them being Frats of Division No. 23, of which Mr. Bryan was a Social Member. The remains were in a casket of oak with silver trimmings, and after the services all filed past to take a last look at their friend who seemed to be peacefully sleeping.

Mr. Bryan was an expert shoe cutter, and through all his after-school life had commanded high pay and steady employment. He was one of the olden-day orators on Thursday evenings, at the Manhattan Literary Association, which was held at St. Ann's Church when it was located at 18th Street and Fifth Avenue. He was a very intelligent man, broad-minded but keen, and did his share in keeping up the literary tastes of New York's adult deaf.

He leaves a wife (nee Emily Ludwig), and three children, all grown-up and married, to mourn his loss.

George Engelhardt and Miss Alice Field were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, by Rev. John H. Keiser, on Saturday evening, June 29th. The bride was given away by her uncle. She wore a gown of white crepe silk, and carried a bouquet of white roses. A sister of the groom was bridesmaid and his brother best man. An elaborate banquet was served after the ceremony. Many handsome presents were received. Those of the deaf present were Mr. F. W. Meinken, the Misses Lindenschmidt and Steiner, Mr. and Mrs. Rabenstein, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein, Mrs. Lousbury, Mrs. Stipek, Messrs. Gall, Lindenschmidt, R. Malone. A honeymoon of a week will be spent at the farm of the bride's uncle in East Moriches, L. I.

Miss Margaret Grossman gave a stocking shower party, in honor of Miss Rebecca Cohen, upon her engagement, at her home in the Bronx. Seven girls were present. They are: Misses Mary Hornestein, Bertha Haft, Gertrude Klein, Bertha Horowitz, Mrs. I. Lovitch, Helen Jacobs (A. Hamburger's niece) and Annie Hamburger.

Rebecca Cohen enjoyed the affair very much, being showered with many pairs of silk stockings.

Refreshments were served, and all had a good time.

Owing to some disagreement, the Alphabets will take the place of the Newark "Frats 42" to play the "Frats 23" at the picnic and games of the New York Council No. 2, K. of D. on Saturday, July 13th, at Ulmer Park, for the championship of deaf baseball organizations of Greater New York. The S. W. J. D., Clark, Oakland and Alphabet teams will send their teams to take part in tug-of-war for American flag and relay races for Cup. Would like to hear from other organizations in and outside of Greater New York. Kindly write to Thomas J. Grogan, Chairman, 305 West 143d Street, New York City.

Mrs. Ida L. Frank took Mrs. Joe Schmidt (nee Mary Rhodes) with her to Lakewood last Thursday, to spend the day there, and both returned to Newark the same day. Miss Frank is still at 17 Fairmont Avenue, Newark, N. J., and hopes her friends will call on her. In a recent issue it was incorrectly stated that Miss Frank won a prize at playing games. Miss Frank is in mourning for her mother and does not play games now.

The Committee on Arrangements of the Dinner to be given by Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D., to the visiting Frats from the Phila. Convention, wishes to make known its change of place from Coney Island to Guiffanti's 26th St. and 7th Avenue, on Monday evening, July 8th. Non-Frats are welcome, \$2.00 per plate. Write the chairman, Bro. H. J. Powell, 4421 New Utrecht Avenue, Brooklyn, before July 6th.

At the request of the several deaf organizations, the Committee on Picnic and Games of the N. Y. Council, K of D., has added a special event of two-mile run for cup. Kindly send in the names of the runners, who intend to go in, to Bro. T. J. Grogan, 305 West 143d Street, New York, before Saturday, July 6th, 1918.

The Misses Margaret and Eleanor Sherman left on Monday, July 1st, for Long Island, to "do their humble bit" as farmerettes in a unit of the Women's Land Army of America.

Miss Annie Hamburger and her mother will go to Long Island for vacation, where her brother and his wife will join them. Next month they will probably go to Atlantic City.

Miss Mary C. Morris has just returned from a week's vacation in the mountains at Valhalla, N. Y. She will go to Atlantic City for the first two weeks in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wasserman wish to inform their friends that they have moved from 14 Wall Street to 36 Arnold Avenue, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck Litchfield and baby have gone to Darien, Ct., for the summer.

OMAHA

An interesting program was carried out at a meeting of the members of the W. S. S. Society at the Y. M. C. A., on the evening of June 4th.

O. H. Blanchard's talk on Belgium and how she suffered under the heels of the Huns, was delivered in lightening signs, yet clear enough.

Miss Grace Mason, making her initiative bow in public speaking, spoke interesting on the Cathedral at Amiens.

Mrs. Blankenship followed with the Star Spangled Banner.

Dr. Hanson, substituting for the speaker engaged for the occasion, and who failed to show up, reviewed events happening since March 21st. There was frequent hand-clapping, especially when he mentioned our boys over there. The Secretary reported a substantial sale of thrift and W. S. Stamps.

The Nebraska School closed June 7th, and the children most of them dispersed for home on the next day. A very interesting and unusual program was carried out on June 7th at the Nebraska School. As there were no graduates, it was made up entirely of school work; the following program speaks for itself:

THE EXHIBITION PROGRAM

The following School Exhibition program will be rendered in the school auditorium on the evening of Friday, June 7th, 1918:

Invocation—The School and Audience America—The School and Audience Voice—The Beginning Class Mother Goose Rhymes: The King was in his Counting House, Acted by Fern Young, Fritz Rentschler, Irene Applegate. Spoken by Mae Biggs. This Little Pig Went to Market. Acted by Ruth Neujahr. Spoken by Grace Pettit. Bo-Peep—Acted by Lillian Hamann. Spoken by Ross Stepan.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star—Acted by Jimmie Hargis. Spoken by Ella Folkers. Jack and Jill—Acted by Hans Neujahr, Nina Bilger. Spoken by Charles Hiltshew. Little Boy Blue—Acted by Charles Hiltshew. Spoken by John Zagurski. Little Jack Horner—Acted by John Zagurski. Spoken by Millard Bilger. Jack be Nimble—Acted by Hans Neujahr. Spoken by Nina Bilger.

The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe—The Primary Classes. An Exercise in Manual Alphabet Reading—Mrs. Blankenship's Class. Russian Haymaking—Misses Sherwood's and Ruth Wyckoff's Classes. Intermediate Arithmetic—Miss Sherwood's Class. Intermediate Geography—Miss Ruth Wyckoff's Class.

The Term Honor Roll (conferring badges): Edith Anderson, Albert Barber, Victor Beran, Viola Bilger, Cecelia Birk, Julia Commendella, Viola Cornell, Annie Cunningham, Henry Dietz, Vivian Epley, Rosa Gannon, Neva Jackson, Mire Jensen, Minnie Lisy, Thomas Peterson, John Reed, Minnie Rentschler, Hilda Rundstrom, Florence Sessler, Katherine Slocum, Annie Suhr.

Conferring the School Letter upon the winners.

LETTER BOYS

The Athletic Council has established a rule governing the eligibility of players for "Honorary Letters." First: All players must have a passing in their school work in order to participate in a regular High School game. Second: Said players must take part in at least five regular games and their conduct must be above criticism.

The following players have been awarded Honorary Letters for the athletic season of 1917-18: Albert Krohn, William Koitsch, Joe Kallna, Arthur Cox, Alvin Kennedy, Bennie Delehoy, Greeley Terpenning, Harry Christensen, Albert Johnson.

TRENTON, N. J.

The commencement exercises of the New Jersey School for the Deaf were held at the High School auditorium yesterday afternoon. John P. Walker, the head of the academic department, conducted the exercises; Alvin E. Pope, school superintendent, made the address to the graduates, and Assemblyman John E. Gill awarded the diplomas. An excellent program was given.

Gold and bronze medals were awarded at the annual inspection of Companies A and B of the cadets. The inspection was conducted by Captain Houston and Lieutenant Beers of the States Militia. Company B, Parker Jerrel, captain, received the medal in the competitive drill. Gold medals were awarded to Ernest DeLauro and Alfred Shaw, and Patrick Agnew received a bronze medal.—State Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dove Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In Mr. Dantzer's recent trip up north in exchange with the Rev. Mr. Smielan, he had the great pleasure of visiting two of the stations in his old field in New York State, thanks to the courtesy of the Rev. Harry Van Allen.

In Elmira, he was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray. On the evening of the 16th of May there was a reception. About thirty persons, nearly all old friends of Mr. Dantzer, were present. It was a real pleasure no doubt for Mr. Dantzer to meet them all, and above all to see their small children of other days grown up. Among others met at this reception were Mrs. Williams and her sister, Miss Moonie, formerly supervisor in the Rochester School. Ice cream and cake were served.

Services were conducted in the parish house of Trinity Church, the next day, Friday, May 17th. Again there was a goodly attendance.

Saturday evening, May 18th, services were held in the parish house of Christ Church, Binghamton. The attendance was good, but Mr. Dantzer was disappointed in not meeting the many familiar friends of other days. However, the next morning, Sunday 19th, he had the great pleasure of calling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacques S. Williamson to administer the Holy Communion. Eight of the local deaf were present to receive with them. Mr. Williamson is now past eighty-two years, and bears his years well, although quite naturally he is not the robust man he was in the days Mr. Dantzer used to visit Binghamton. Mrs. Williamson was just recovering from a desperate illness, and was sitting up. Old pupils of Old Broad and Pine may remember the latter as Miss Lavinia Tingley. During his stay in Binghamton he was very hospitably entertained by Mrs. Norris Austin and her deaf children, Smith and Lovinia, all former pupils of old Broad and Pine and Mt. Airy. Smith has a nice home of his own, in Johnston City, a suburb of Binghamton.

Sunday afternoon services were held in St. Luke's, Scranton, before a goodly congregation. Here also many old friends were met. After a pleasant supper with the Morgans, assisted by the Garbets, the Missionary went to Wilkesbarre for an evening service in St. Stephen's. St. Cecilia Council, No. 3, Ladies of De l'Espee, held its annual ice cream festival at Grand Fraternity Hall, 1626-28 Arch Street, on Friday evening, June 21st. It was well attended and proved an enjoyable social affair.

On Saturday evening, June 22d, Mrs. William K. Clayton was spirited out of her home ostensibly to buy a pair of shoes, and when she returned she was greeted by a friend in the parlor, and then more friends filed into the room, taking her completely by surprise. Reminded that the day was her birthday anniversary, she blushed at the effusions of her friends, and her embarrassment was further evinced when shown a table laden with pretty and useful gifts from them. It was indeed a happy surprise for her. A pleasant social evening was passed, followed by refreshments. Besides Mr. Clayton, those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Delp, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Marchman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Reider, Miss Dora Kinzel, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Miss Laura Muller, Misses Alice and Margaret Donohue, Miss Elizabeth Hubert, and Messrs. R. J. Robinson, J. L. Jennings, H. J. Cusack, George King, L. C. Lovett, Fred Greiner, J. Brenneisen, R. E. Underwood, and J. E. Haggerty, of Springfield, Mass.

Henry D. Riegel, of Riegelsville, reports the following visitors recently: John L. Detweiler, of Lansdale, and James Roach and Miss Amelia Krompholtz, of Philadelphia. The party, including Mr. Riegel, visited Easton, and called on Mrs. Julia Will and Mr. and Mrs. Drumbheller, attended a service by the Rev. Mr. Smielan, and looked around a paper mill, all in a day.

Mrs. J. Brutsche, of Camden, N. J., has gone to Atlantic City, to remain through the Summer. Mrs. Peter J. Krastel and Miss Isabella Shipley, of Baltimore, Md., were guests of Mrs. E. E. Scott for a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Gruver, of the Rome (N. Y.) Institution, were recent visitors at the Mt. Airy Institution.

Mr. John L. Detweiler, of Lansdale, had the misfortune to lose his horse by lightning during the recent severe storm.

Mrs. George B. Wilson visited Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Seay and her classmate, Miss May Dougherty, in Wilmington, Del., early in the month of June.

Mrs. Jennie Dunner, who recently met with an accident, which reported, is still unable to work and moves about with difficulty.

In due time, her complete recovery is expected.

Mrs. Greensburg Warrington has been visiting Mrs. Clement Parلمان in Reading, Pa., for several days.

Mrs. William H. Lipsett spent the third weeks, of June visiting Mrs. Thos. E. Jones at Royersford, Pa.

Charles Sawyer, of Hopewell, Va., is in Camden, N. J., looking for work. Some of the deaf there have met him.

The Frost Presbyterian Church Christian Endeavor Society presented a gold scarf pin to Mr. Harry H. Smith, in recognition of his faithful service as treasurer for the past seven years.

Mrs. Morris Garbet and Mrs. William Morgan, of Scranton, both former Philadelphians came here last week to spend a month with relatives and friends.

Miss Mary Pennell, of Lansdowne, and Miss Miriam Flenner, of Tyrone, both Mt. Airy graduates and now students of Gallaudet College, were among the visitors at All Souls' Church on Sunday, 23d of June.

Mr. John Haggerty, of Boston, Mass., is one of the early arrivals here to attend the Frat Convention. He is an alternate delegate, and expects to remain here a few weeks to do some canvassing for a well-known periodical.

Miss Edith Dunner has been transferred here from Harrisburg, Pa., and will continue her work here.

Mrs. Thomas E. Kriebel (formerly Miss Dorothy Sanders) came here last week from Baltimore, Md., to attend to some arrangements. Her husband also came, and after a short stay, left for his military duties, which may keep him away indefinitely now.

Mr. Charles Marshall, who taught at the West Virginia School the last term, is with the Lanston Monotype Company, to learn the trade. He is a native of Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weaver reached the 20th anniversary of their marriage on June 22d, but on account of a recent death in the family, they passed it quietly.

Misses Daisy and Kittie Lawrence, from the South, nieces of Mrs. Charles H. Sharrar, are visiting here for a couple of weeks.

Henry Stokes, of Raleigh, N. C., and Joseph Fields, of Charleston, S. C., colored deaf mutes, are working here.

One of Mr. C. B. Stilwell's sons is with the colors at Camp Dix, New Jersey. His father visited him recently.

AKRON, O.

Grand Secretary Gibson, of Chicago, Louis Bacheberle, of Cincinnati, J. B. Showalter, of Columbus, and Perry McMurray, of Springfield, and many other delegates from the far West, stopped in Akron, Friday, June 28th, on their way to the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf Convention at Philadelphia, July 1-6th, and they were the guests of the reception committee of the local Division, No. 55, of the N. F. S. D., F. X. Zitznik, chairman, A. D. Martin, K. B. Ayers, L. J. Laingor, M. J. Grimm, and H. C. Ware. They met the delegates at the Union Depot, and accompanied them to the Pendleton Hotel restaurant, where they breakfasted. They were then driven to the Seiberling Field, where they were photographed.

They went to the Goodyear General Office building, where they visited every department of the various buildings for about two hours. About the noon hour, the big Goodyear motor truck, took the delegates and the local committee men to Young's Hotel near the Portage Lakes, four miles from the Goodyear factory, where they were guests of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company at a bounteous dinner. After the repast a conveyance took them back to the Seiberling Field, where they spent a short time for chats. The motor truck took the crowd to the Union Depot, where they made a "bee line" to the Philadelphia Convention, via B. and O. Thomas J. Blake, delegate, H. C. Ware, representative to the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company's employment bureau, and K. B. Sybers, accompanied the delegation there.

Everybody declared that they will ever remember the fine time spent at the country inn.

Mrs. F. X. Zitznik, of Chicago, recently joined her husband in Akron, where he has a good position at the Goodyear. They are now located at 939 5th Avenue. Their many friends welcome them here.

Deaf-Mutes Wed.

ROCKVILLE, MD., June 16.—A marriage ceremony, conducted by means of paper and pencil and signs, was solemnized here yesterday afternoon by Rev. Millard F. Minnick, rector of Christ Episcopal Church. The principals, both deaf-mutes, were Miss Julia A. Cole, 31 years old, of Helena, Mont., and Philip A. Hempell, aged 24, of McCluskey, N. D. The ceremony was performed at the rectory, and immediately afterward the couple returned to Washington, where they are understood to be temporarily making their home.—Baltimore American.

INDIANA.

Yes, Indiana is still on the map, but "ye scribe" has had so many "irons in the fire" that the JOURNAL has been neglected. We can only hope that it will not happen often.

The Hoosier capital, like most every other town on the map, is up to its ears in war work of one kind or another and the deaf are taking quite a large share in it all. Just now the WAR SAVING STAMP drive has the center of the stage and the deaf are coming up strong with their part. Indianapolis Division of the N. F. S. D. is investing the interest on its Liberty bonds in stamps, and will no doubt put all spare change into Government securities in one way or another. This is the representative organization and its action can be taken as an indication of what the deaf generally are doing.

Owing to the extreme high prices of supplies in general, and coal in particular, it was found necessary to close our school on May 1st, with the intention of opening in September and having a full term next year, but to paraphrase an old saw, "mau proposes and war disposes." The school buildings have been taken over for a vocational training school for drafted men, and will be used so until October, according to present plans. This means that school cannot open until well into November.

Most of the teachers and a large percent of the pupils are doing their bit for the general good in different ways. Several of the teachers took an active part in the filling of the Indianapolis War Chest, and nearly all of them are doing Red Cross work of some kind. The pupils too are quite active, and nearly all of them are working either at home or in the factories. And all are patriotic to the core.

The war garden bug has bitten most of our deaf population pretty hard, and it is hard to find any of the boys on these days who cannot boast a few hoe blisters and talk garden like a professional. Some of them are having phenomenal success according to their own accounts, and they claim they can prove it. Wait, boys, till the harvest is in before you measure your crops.

Local Frats had a fishing party on June 9th, and it was some party too. About forty people went out to Labon Park with well-filled baskets and spent quite a pleasant day along the banks of White River, but the only fish in evidence was a minnow or two proudly exhibited by Bro. James, and some were unkind enough to intimate that he bought them of a little negro who was fishing in the neighborhood, but the truth is James fished all night and seems to have enjoyed the sport, so I guess the rest of the bunch "should worry."

Hafford Hetzler and his wife have departed for Angola, Ind., where "Haf" will look after his father's private business while "Dad" attends to the public affairs of Angola as mayor. Mr. and Mrs. Hetzler will be greatly missed here, but will return as soon as "Dad's" term as mayor expires.

A. H. Norris recently spent several days in Columbus, Ohio, and reports a fine time. On the way home, he stopped over in Dayton to take in the entertainment given by the Dayton Frats.

Joe Rollings has bought himself a "white elephant" in the shape of one of Henry Ford's road lice. Joe's friends have multiplied quite amazingly in the recent past.

It is reported that Elmer Stevick has accepted a job at the Dayton aeroplane plant and that others contemplate following him.

Grant Martyn, one of our best known old timers, has been confined to his bed for some time with heart trouble that shows no signs of yielding to treatment. At last accounts he was doing fairly well and may be with us for some time yet, but there is not much hope of anything like an even partial recovery.

R. E. Binkley has purchased a new Allen auto. This is Bob's second car and both were Allens. According to Bob and his estimable wife there is no other real car on the market.

Grand President Anderson and Delegate Harry Jackson will leave for the Philadelphia convention in a few days, and expect to stop over in Pittsburgh long enough to become acclimated to the mixture of coal and grime that passes for atmosphere in the east. But, don't worry, it takes a lot more than a thing like that to down a real Hoosier and the two Harrys are the real thing, all wool and a yard wide.

Ledger Sackett is mourning the loss of the greater part of the epidermis from the top of the head. The cause thereof is too much swimming in the sun. Such a thing would not bother most of us, but Ledger happens to be minus the usual roof to his think dome.

RED

Officers and teachers of the Negro State Deaf, Dumb and Blind School of Raleigh, N. C., have subscribed \$1,750 worth of Liberty Loan Bonds and War Savings Stamps during the campaign now nearing an end.—Education.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. At B. Greener, 988 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

June 29, 1918.—Not much has been said in this column regarding the collections for the Auto Fund to replace the machine recently destroyed by fire. The deaf of the State were told of the loss, and that a new vehicle was necessary for the Home's use, because all the conveniences, surrey, carriage and express wagon, had also fallen victims to the flames.

The responses to the appeal have been coming in almost every week, and up to June 15th, including insurance, \$638.91 had been received. The following donations have come in since:

Previously noted.....	688 91
Alice Prouty.....	50
Herbert Vorp.....	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Zimmerman.....	1 00
Samuel Martig Salem.....	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bennett.....	1 00
Collected at N. F. S. D. Social, June 23d.....	6 80
Donated by Columbus N. F. S. D. Division.....	6 00
Collected by William Huebner from deaf people at services in Marion, June 21st.....	2 15
Proceeds of lecture by Collins Sawhill in Canton, June 23d.....	3 75
Total.....	\$719 11

It is the purpose, before a machine is purchased, to build a garage, so as to have it under lock and key when obtained, and it is hoped to have them both by fall. It will probably take \$1,000 or \$1,200 for both, perhaps more, depending upon the cost of the auto. With so many war calls for money, it seems difficult to raise the required amount, but it will be secured, judging from past spirit of the Ohio deaf when a thing was needed, and they got it too.

The Columbus Division of the N. F. S. D. held a social in the Girls' Recreation Hall last Saturday evening. It was intended to have a lawn fete there, but the weather was too cool for outdoor enjoyment. About fifty people attended, several of them from neighboring towns. Social talk, games of chance and sales were the features. Lunches were sold during the evening.

Mr. Jacob Showalter, accompanied by Mr. Ferry McMurray, left Thursday for Canton, going from there to Akron. At the latter place they expect to join the Western train containing delegates to the N. F. S. D. Convention in Philadelphia, July 1st to 6th, and go on to Baltimore and Washington, D. C., thence to Philadelphia. After the convention Mr. Showalter will go to New York City to spend a week or more with his son, who is taking a select course in Columbia University. While there he will no doubt enjoy himself seeing the skyscrapers, underground and aerial trolleys, as well passing under the Hudson.

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill gave the Canton deaf a talk about the Great "Johnstown Flood," which to them was very interesting, and sad at times when the horrors and sufferings were depicted.

The daughters of Supt. and Mrs. Jones are out west. Mrs. Marquis is visiting her husband in Campdown in Texas. Mrs. Spencer, with her sister Carrie, are in Oregon, visiting Second Lieutenant Spencer, who is in Camp there.

Miss Cloa Lamson has gone to New York State to pass part of her vacation with her married sister.

Miss Jane McK. Campbell came down from Worthington to visit friends during the week.

Mrs. George Black left this week for Guernsey County to visit her aged mother, who is in feeble health.

A. B. G.

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Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

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FANWOOD.

Most of the pupils have gone home to spend their summer vacation, and fourteen Cadets are staying here. Five of them are working in the printing office to earn money.

The writer is back at his old position in the printing office, after two years' illness.

Harry Newman, one of the pupils invited by his friend, William Kahn, went to Cleveland, Ohio, to spend the vacation with the latter's parents.

Our Band Master, William Edwards, and Emil Hollander, are away to spend their month's vacation.

Silvio Salerno, one of the Fanwood pupils, arrived in New York City two weeks ago, after having been in Italy, where he went to bring his Grandmother here.

August Herdtfelder, Reuben Pols and Charles Sussman, graduates of this year, were here during the week.

Hobart Van Orman has returned to the Institution after three weeks in Essex on Lake Champlain, where he helped his Grandpa work on the farm.

Nearly all of those who graduated this year were invited by Miss Champagne to a party recently, and they had a splendid time there.

Abe Orser, formerly a tutor at this Institution, who joined the Navy, came here on Saturday. He has been sailing on transports filled with the soldiers going to France.

Robert Fitting was in St. Joseph Institute last Sunday. He enjoyed visiting the different rooms and had a long chat with the pupils there.

Some boys put some seeds under the ground some time ago, and many radishes have been taken from the ground and are eaten by the boys. Some day they will be real farmers.

Sunday afternoon six of the boys, remaining here had a walk to Fort Washington Park, and they had a pleasant time in the cool air near the Hudson River.

Maurice Sinclair went around the Exposition at the Bronx with a friend on Sunday.

Joseph Hynes, Louis Radlein and Charles Olsen, a former pupil drummer at Fanwood, visited here on Sunday.

Raymond McCarthy, who came here

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1918.

EDWIN A. BODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 160d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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WE are sure many of the old-time pupils of Fanwood will learn with feelings of sorrow of the death of Theodore Peet. He passed away on the 11th of May, 1918. About three years ago, he had a serious illness, from which he never recovered. He bore with fortitude the painful suffering incident to sickness until death intervened.

Theodore Peet was a son of Edward Peet, and a grandson of Harvey P. Peet. As a boy, he played about the Fanwood grounds. After attending the famous old Academy at Hildbraham, Mass., he entered Yale and graduated in the Class of 1877. In the year 1882, he was a teacher in the New York Institution, but after one year he resigned to go to Europe to study music.

He spent eight years abroad, principally in Vienna. He had great musical talent, and possessed the dreamy poetic spirit that marks the genius in that line. But he was too modest and self-effacing and sensitive to make a brilliant public performer.

On his return to America, he found that his knowledge of French and German, acquired while living abroad, had more practical value to him than his music. So he returned to teaching, specializing in those languages and in Latin. He was connected with St. John's Military Academy, at Manlius, N. Y., and during the last few years of his life with Washington College, at Chestertown, Md.

Theodore Peet had a beautiful character, remarkable for sweetness of disposition. At his funeral services, which were held in Winchester, Mass. (the town wherein he had resided for two years preceding his death), the Congregational minister, Rev. Mr. Chidley, spoke of his constant attendance at church and how appreciative he had always been. He said that Theodore Peet's faith was crystal clear in its purity and completeness; that he was the old-fashioned type of a Christian gentleman; and that he was not hurried, for he did not dwell only in time—his was a look into eternity.

He was buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Hartford, Ct., in the Peet family lot, beside his father and mother, on the 14th day of May, 1918.

In the New York City newspapers last week, was chronicled the death, at Lake Mahopac, of John L. Tonnele, at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

Mr. Tonnele became a Member of the New York Institution on the 18th of May, 1867. He was elected a Director January 13th, 1874, and for several years was a member of the Executive Committee.

Fortunately there are few things that do make any great difference to real men and women—and one of the least is the casual judgment of their fellow men.—Robert Herrick.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to Joseph A. Waterman, 344-345 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Nellie Ford McNiece to Thomas O. Gray, on Saturday, June 22d. The wedding occurred in the home of the bride's aunt, and was performed by Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, pastor of the Methodist Mission to the Deaf. Only a few immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties were invited. The bride was given away by her uncle, who came all the way from Ohio to attend the happy event; he also presented his niece with a check for \$100. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly-weds slipped out, hailed a passing taxicab and disappeared to parts unknown, where they may enjoy their brief honeymoon unmolested by their many friends, who insisted on showering them with rice, etc. The bride is a graduate of the Jacksonville school, while Mr. Gray is a product of the Wisconsin school. Both are popular members of the Pas-a-Pas Club.

Emil Rosenfeld, of Milwaukee, Wis., spent a few days in Chicago last week. He was formerly of Detroit, Mich., and while in this city had difficulty in recognizing his old Michigan friends, whom he had not seen for eighteen years. There was an impromptu entertainment and reception in the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms last Saturday evening, in honor of Prof. Albert Berg and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Japes the latter couple having just terminated a several months' honeymoon trip in the West. Mrs. Japes was Miss Violet Colby, the charming daughter of Mrs. C. C. Colby, Detroit correspondent for the JOURNAL.

In the course of speeches given by the big and little guns of the Club, the bashful bride, Mrs. Japes, was prevailed upon to give a brief talk of her trip in California. She adopted brevity and conveyed the greetings of the Sonneborn and Left families to the Pas-a-Pas Club. Before leaving the rooms, both Mr. and Mrs. Japes enrolled as non-resident members of the Club. Alfred I. Liebenstein, long-time friend of the couple, acted as pilot and chaperon.

Dr. Berg was reluctant to take the platform, because of a weary trip of the day before, but yielded and gave a few remarks about the widely heralded prosperity of the Club. He concluded with the announcement that Mrs. Berg is in Chicago to remain with him until the Indiana School re-opens.

The Chicago Division of the frat is stirring things for their approaching picnic, which occurs this coming Sunday, July 14th, at Atlas Grove, Crawford and Lawrence Avenues. On account of the immense size of the grove, there will be offered a ball game and exciting game, too numerous to mention. There is no doubt that the frat have in store a most enjoyable treat for all those who attend.

That of the Pas-a-Pas Club follows on Saturday, July 27th, and will be known as its 36th Anniversary Picnic—a sort of celebration over the Club's successful rounding out of a continuous career. The big show will be at Polonia Grove, corner Archer and St. Louis Avenues. Tickets are thirty cents each, including war tax. Chairman Larsen, who is exerting his utmost energy to boost the affair, says there will be music from seven to twelve in the evening to accommodate the dancers.

After roughing it in Chicago for several months, with a degree of success unsatisfactory to his exalted ambitions, James F. Meagher, erstwhile energetic editor of the Vancouver *Washingtonian*, left for Philadelphia to represent the Portland, Oregon, division of the N. F. S. D. He is going to stay in the "city of brotherly love," provided he strikes some virgin vein in business circles there. Jimmy may be meager in physical stature, but he is "multum in parvo" in every other way. His virility makes things hum wherever he goes, and this Chesterfieldian manners make one notice him a second time. We are sorry to lose him. Good-bye, little fellow. May you strike it rich in the quiet, quaint village founded by Billy Penn.

Exit Meagher, enter Ivan Robinson, Gallaudet, '11. The latter blew into town last week from South Dakota. He has been instructor of printing at the State School at Sioux Falls. A report was going the rounds, as he was about to leave home, that the teaching of printing is to be discontinued, and his school paper dumped into the discard. Anticipating the G. B., Mr. I. Robinson headed for Chicago, and is taking a course in photo engraving, which profession he expects to follow henceforth. That he will make a success of it is a foregone conclusion, as he has the mental equipment to assure it. Good luck to you, Ivan. Welcome to Chicago.

L. Stephen Cherry, a graduate of the Jacksonville School this year, and ready to enter Gallaudet College this fall, has started defiance of the world's life problems. He applied for employment with the

Burton Dixie Co. There being twenty-five other candidates for the place, a civil service examination was required. Young Cherry came out third on the list. Isn't this great! We have been told often that there isn't a chance to "make good." Perish the thought, and do like this young man.

Delegates from all parts of the Western hemisphere enroute for the Philadelphia convention stopped for two days last week in town. Most of them were at All Angels' Parish hall Wednesday evening, while some strayed into the rooms of the Pas-a-Pas Club.

At All Angels' hall I had an opportunity to meet all the delegates and to have a talk with each. Enthusiasm runs high among the boys. Rev. Flick confessed his failure to entertain the delegates and substituted a scheme to let the visitors do the entertaining. Judging from the prompt responses by all, it is safe to believe they liked the novel idea.

The tallest of the bunch was Leo Williams of San Francisco, Cal., being six feet three inches. When he took the platform he easily looked like a flagpole. When it came to furnishing the humor, he established a brilliant record. Earthquakes, he said, have no terrors for the San Francisco division—and it's growing.

Next was Leon Fiske, another Californian, who took great pains to remind everyone that the next convention should be at Los Angeles in 1921. They have spent a number of years advertising persistently and have an immense fund to entertain all delegates, regardless of the outcome of the present world war.

Melville J. Matheis, secretary, organizer and delegate—representing the Salt Lake, Utah, division, convinced the audience that when any one enters Utah he needs not cast eyes on more than one wife. The natives of that state are as human as those in Chicago. But the state's scenery, cities, etc., continue to bear a high grade reputation.

The lone star state of Texas sent one delegate—Joseph T. Sprouse. His home is in Fort Worth, but he had confided in your reporter that in spite of the numerous attractions of the state, he is yielding slowly to the temptation of returning to dear old Chicago. Why not? Well, I am not permitted to reveal the reason. Mr. Sprouse painted the N. F. S. D. in a fashion that leaves a good impression.

Achibold H. McDonald, hailing from Winnipeg, Canada, but not a frat, explained how he happened to come this way. The Canadian government has taken possession of the school for the deaf there and converted it into a cantonment. In order to have a school open by fall, they will have a brand new building to cost about \$850,000.

Fred Rapp and son, of Kenosha, Wis., motored all the way from Wisconsin to Chicago enroute to Philadelphia. Mr. Rapp was too weary to talk, as he wanted to get started before the rest of the boys reach the Quaker City.

William Brasher, who used to live in Chicago, but now of Davenport, Ia., spoke of his undiluted interest and fidelity in the fraternity, and says he is going to Philadelphia to open the doors to women. He claimed the order cannot thrive without the ladies.

Burd Meavoy, of Iowa, is another frat, but he would not take the platform, preferring to listen to others.

Nous of the grand officers, F. P. Gibson, secretary, Washington Barrow, treasurer, and Edward Rowse, assistant secretary, availed themselves of the opportunity to speak. It was evident they preferred to save their wind for the critical moments at the convention.

The delegates from Chicago are John D. Sullivan and Leo Clinnen. There will be a number of frats going this week at their own expense.

Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Flick will accompany the crowd, and remain in the East for two weeks. During Rev. Flick's absence there will be no services conducted at All Angels' Church, unless Dr. Berg, a lay reader, has been drafted to take care of the church's affairs and the neglected souls there.

Miss Julia Douzerty is taking advantage of a five weeks' course in the higher branch of normal and oral systems, at a summer school in St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. A. Dahms, who just graduated from the Concordia Seminary at St. Louis, Mo., will be formally ordained at the Lutheran Evangelical Church, Sunday, July 14th. Thereafter he will devote his time to the welfare of the Lutheran deaf, and already has a fair knowledge of the sign language. He has a deaf brother in Minnesota.

The local committee of arrangements, which was selected by President Cleary of the Illinois Association of the Deaf to look after the interests of the delegates to meet in Chicago during the week of Aug. 30 to Sept. 2, held a meeting last Wednesday. Unfortunately, a list of the names on the committee has not been furnished to your reporter. Later on Prof. Cleary will send me an outline of convention program and I shall be glad to give the JOURNAL readers the benefit. Mr. Cleary is now up at Old Mission, Mich., looking after his farm. He employs

several deaf men and women to pick his cherries and apples.

Finding Chicago too tame for the successful playing of the "ponies," Louis Cohen and Isaac Rossov have gone to Louisville, Ky., where they think immunity from the dreaded "hoodoo" will mean luck. One of them took along about \$500, presumably a year's saving, to break the bookmakers' trust. The new order, "work or fight," may foil their plans.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Reed, of Danville, Ky., the former instructor at the school for the deaf, are in Chicago to spend a few weeks' vacation. They are frequenting the Pas-a-Pas Club and All Angels' Parish hall. They say our people are the most hospitable lot they ever ran across.

The other folks from Kentucky are Eugene P. Rousseau, of Somerset, and Boltz, of Irvine, the latter a student of Gallaudet College. While in Chicago they feel at home, for "Old Kentucky" is sold everywhere in town.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THINGS.

SCHOOL FOR BLIND AND CHILDREN

Children who are so unfortunate as to have lost or never to have possessed sight or hearing are not hereafter in Illinois to be regarded as helpless wards of the State. At least they are to be required to obtain the foundations of an education which may be antecedent to a self-sustaining occupation.

At the last session of the Illinois general assembly, an act was passed requiring attendance of blind and deaf children upon schools equipped to give them special instruction. The Institution Quarterly declares that "such an act has long been needed in this State" and it continues:

"The new law makes it mandatory upon parents or guardians to place such defective children either in State institutions provided for the instruction of deaf and blind children or in private institutions organized and equipped to furnish the required instruction. If parents and guardians fail to do their duty in this respect, the County court is directed to exercise its power to send children to State institutions and the county must defray the expenses of travel and clothing, if the parent or guardian is unable to do so. For the enforcement of the act responsibility is placed upon judges of the County court, State's attorneys, trustee officers, boards of education, city and county superintendents of schools."

"The State department of public welfare having charge of the State schools for blind and deaf has called attention of these authorities to the equipment which the State has at Jacksonville, and has offered to co-operate with them in enforcing the act."

In accordance with that policy the department has sent copies of the law to all County courts, State's attorneys, trustee officers, city and county superintendents of schools: "We desire to call your attention to the act of the last general assembly making it mandatory upon you to see that blind or deaf children of your community are sent to a school, public or private, which is specially equipped to give them an education."

"The object of this letter is to notify you that we are anxious to co-operate with all the local officials charged with the enforcement of this law, and that the Illinois School for the Blind and the Illinois School for the Deaf, both at Jacksonville, have plenty of room to accommodate the blind and deaf children of the State between the ages of 8 and 18."

"These schools will be glad to furnish information you may desire, or that any parent or guardian may wish, respecting facilities, accommodations and the like. The location of these schools is nearly ideal, affording delightful and wholesome environment to and example for such children."—Chicago News.

LOS ANGELES.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

A large birthday party was given at the home of Miss Olive Jaseph, formerly of Fanwood School, New York, on Tuesday evening, June 18. The dining room was beautifully decorated in blue and gold, the Fanwood colors.

Many deaf-mutes and relatives were present.

Music and dancing was enjoyed to the fullest extent, after which refreshments were served.

A large birthday cake, with pink and blue candles, was lighted and cut by Miss Jaseph.

A gold wrist-watch was presented to Miss Jaseph from her deaf friends by Mrs. S. Cook. She was greatly surprised and pleased. She received many other pretty gifts.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Peet, Mr. and Mrs. Hawvichorst, Mr. and Mrs. Herrig, Misses Childress, Money, Holtsman, Taylor, Price, Kenealy, and Nellie and Annie Hanlon.

Messrs. Singleton, Schultz, Himmelschein, Thomas, Baumin, Smith and Hulton.

O. J. J.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY.

THE LAUNCH RIDE.

YO-HO HEAVE-A HO! Up Anchor and Away! Or poetical words to that effect. Yes, it's the Launch Ride that I'm speaking about. The San Francisco Division, No. 53, of the N. F. S. D., were the hosts and all arrangements were made by Messrs. Musdalin and I. Selig. Fifty of us boarded the "Good Ship Crowley No. 6," at their wharf in San Francisco, at 9:15, Sunday morning, June 2d. With whistles blowing, flags flying, we started off, chugging away from the pier and waving our handkerchiefs to those who had come to see us off.

The tug was roomy and comfortable, with a large cabin and all the comforts of home. We passed along the water front, outside of the limit, of course, and saw the big shipbuilding plants that never close and the Union Iron Works that takes Sunday as if it were any day of the week. We saw a fleet of submarines under construction. Yes, a fleet, for they were working on six at one time!

Way out to Hunter's Point we went, and then in a big circle we came back to the Ferry Building, passed it and were on our way to San Quentin. We arrived there at about 12:30 and, having a letter from the Commander of the Prison, we were allowed to enter the grounds. Escorted by guards who watched us like a mother watches her babe, we went up the hill to the Captain of the Guard's Office. Here we were put into groups of 25 (Boys and girls in separate parties).

It was afterwards learned that the girls were only allowed to visit the grounds and kitchens. The boys, however, went all through the place, from cellar to garret. First we had to inscribe our names on the visitors' book and then were allowed to enter the great steel ante room. This room had a door at each end, and the first ones had to wait until the last ones had passed the door in the rear, until that door had been shut and locked, and until the rear guard gave the proper signal by ringing a bell. Then, and only then, were we allowed to go through the other door into the prison proper.

It being Sunday, the prisoners were playing hand ball, baseball or wrestling. Some played checkers on homemade boards, while others read or wrote letters to their loved ones. We were escorted by two guards. One at the head, who explained in detail every thing, and another in the rear to see that no stragglers stopped to communicate with the convicts. The convicts wore a light blue uniform, for the most part, there being only two who were real bad cases and had to wear the black and white stripes. We saw the printing shop, carpentry shop, harness room, broom shop, plumbing and cornice shop, iron foundry, and last, but not least, the great jute mill.

Here one thousand men work and there are machines for many more. These machines are like the ones that the blind pupils weave rugs on at the State Schools. It would take too long for me to tell you all about these different trades and the men who work at them. I don't believe that I could do it even if I tried. The most interesting thing that we saw was the "Hangman's Room." Imagine, if you can, a large, bare room. In the center there was a gibbet constructed of large wooden beams, securely bolted together.

At a height of about seven feet from the floor was a platform. In the center of this was a trapdoor that worked on a pivot and steel spring arrangement. Our guide closed it and showed us how it worked. A shiver ran through us as he pulled the rope and the well-oiled trap swung back and snapped into another lock at the back so as to hold it open. He opened a chest and displayed the black hood, the leaded shoes, straight jacket, and the clothes that the convict wears on his last journey.

The rope, which our guide explained was always tested and newly changed for each operation, was taken in hand and examined. Some of the braver of us tried on the hempen necktie just to see how it felt. Our guide gave us an illustration on how the hangings are carried out. It was complete in every detail, and I am not ashamed to confess, my teeth were chattering as that ominous trap swung back!

He seemed to take a certain delight in showing off each thing. He had the art of hanging down to a science. His eyes shone as he told us how many he had helped put out of the world. B-r-r-r-r! The death cell was a large square cell built in the center of a room. Rows of rocking chairs were placed in front (on the outside) where the prisoner's friends sat and talked with him and gave him the last good-byes.

The floor of this cell is worn into a groove where countless prisoners have walked up and down day and night, waiting, waiting, just waiting for the end. After leaving this chamber of horrors we went to see the men's sleeping rooms or cells. They were complete in detail as

your own room at home. A bed with plenty of warm blankets, a table and chair, a washstand with hot and cold water, toilet articles such as a brush and comb, towels, etc. All contained in this 8 x 10 cell. They even had a small rug or piece of carpet on the floor. They are lighted by a single electric light in the center of the ceiling. The "Lifers" are allowed to have pictures and decorations, while those who are going out into the world again have none. Some of the cells were really pretty. In their spare time the men have made many ingenious articles out of paper and cardboard to adorn their walls.

The thick steel doors are all connected to a single lever at the end of each corridor. The prisoners march down the hall and stop in front of their own cells, the doors are opened and the men step in, whereupon the doors are clanged shut and automatically locked until the next day. Our guide kindly, (or rather unkindly,) informed us that there were two deaf men in San Quentin. We did not see them, however, as we did not care to humiliate our erring brothers. All prisoners who have been on "good conduct" are allowed to work outside on the roads or in the spacious gardens.

The guard, who lets them out, gives them a receipt and the one in charge of the road gang takes it. When they are sent back, another receipt is made out and the convict presents it at the gate. If it is O. K., he is allowed to enter, and stands in the center of the room with his arms extended in the form of a cross, while the guard goes over his body to see if he has concealed any contraband articles.

Upon once more getting into God's good sunlight, we drew a deep breath of contentment and solemnly vowed to lead better lives from then on. The guards, of which there were quite a few, insisted on shaking hands all around, and with many a wave and nod we passed out of the main gate, which was closed and locked behind us.

After we had boarded the launch and had got well out into the bay, once more we looked back and saw the guards pacing slowly back and forth along the top of the broad walls:—

TWO O'CLOCK, AND ALL'S WELL!

The bow of the tug out the water like a knife, the "put put" of her exhaust rose triumphantly in the clear summer air. It seemed to say, "What fun we are having!!! What a jolly crowd we have aboard!" We rounded the point of land where the German Internment Camp is located and came in sight of our luncheon place—Paradise Park. We tied up at the pier midst many other launches and tugs of all sizes and all hues.

In a single file we passed through the wooden gate that bars the entrance to the park, and as we did so we were handed a small red and gold button with a design of the Danish Brotherhood of San Francisco on it, which lodge was then having their annual picnic in the park.

It is customary to pay a fee of twenty-five cents to get into the park, but this button allowed us to do as we wished without charge. We watched the games and races that the Brotherhood had arranged and we danced in the spacious dance hall (in the open air). We ate our lunch at the tables that are placed under the trees and, my, but we were hungry. Hungry enough to eat the bark off the trees, but such extremes were not necessary as each one had brought a big basket or hamper of lunch along. Whee! but those deviled-ham sandwiches did taste good, and oh, those bottles of ice-cold soda water! The taste is but a memory, but that memory clings to us still.

After luncheon we strolled under the trees or sat in their shade and rested after the exertions of the day. Some told stories and jokes, while others told the latest news. At 4:30 we boarded our good ship for the homeward trip. Passing Angel Island it was a bit rough, but we enjoyed it all the more as the waves dashed against the boat and sent a silvery spray over us. Did we run into the cabin to escape a wetting? Not on your tintype, my boy, we stood it like the sailors that we were and laughed all the more at the queer antics of the girls who did not want to get their dresses wet. Those who had brought cameras took pictures of everybody and everything and some of them have turned out finely.

We tied up in San Francisco at 5 minutes to 6, thus ending our first but not the last launch ride on the Bay.

Arrangements are already under way for a bigger, better, brighter trip, to Russian River, August 31, Sept. 1 and 2. Think of a two and a half days' camping trip among a jolly crowd of young people. There will be plenty of chaperons, so come along, don't be bashful. Just be there, and then leave the rest to the Committee.

Yours truly,
HARRY O. SCHWARZLOSE.

Every moment you now lose, is so much character and advantage lost; every moment you employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest.—Margaret Goodrich.

St. Louis Briefs

Clarence Mark Spiegel, Jr., infant son of Clarence M. and Eunice (Bradbury) Spiegel, was baptized at St. Thomas Mission, June 23d, by the Rev. Dr. Cloud. Mr. Roy Lynch was god-father.

Mr. Perry L. Markus, of Lufkin, Tex., was in the city a few days recently, on a combined business and pleasure trip. While Texas is some State, he finds that St. Louis is some city.

The members of the St. Louis Division, N. F. S. D., gave their annual picnic, at Normandy Grove, on a recent Saturday. There was a large attendance, and the affair was a success in every way.

The Rev. Dr. Cloud recently officiated at the wedding of a hearing couple, the groom being a soldier stationed at Jefferson Barracks.

Miss Janie Fulkerson has returned to St. Louis, where she expects to remain indefinitely. Since her graduation from Gallaudet School a few years ago, she has been a resident of Kansas City.

Mrs. Edward Miller, nee Sarah Fadem, has been quite seriously ill for some time. The latest report from the sick room is move favorable. The many friends of the family hope for an early and complete recovery.

Gallaudet School is being renovated during the summer, vacation consequently the Summer School is being held at Special No. 7, three blocks away. Principal Cloud and Miss Herdman are in charge of the Summer School. The summer session continues seven weeks.

Mr. J. H. Burgher had the misfortune to lose his automobile on a recent Sunday evening, while attending a lecture at St. Thomas Mission. A thief made off with it, and no trace of it has since been found. Mr. Burgher is not worrying as much as he might be, since the automobile was insured.

The annual daylight river excursion of the Episcopal Sunday Schools has always attracted numbers of the deaf, and this year's excursion was no exception. A fine steamer featured in this year's excursion, and added to the pleasure of the event.

The annual supper and bazaar given under the auspices of the Woman's Guild of St. Thomas Mission was, as usual, a high class and well-attended affair. The eats, as usual, were "worth more than the price." The ladies have every reason for feeling proud of their work.

Gallaudet School had its annual picnic at Carondelet Park, a few days before the school closed for the Summer. Miss Clara L. Steidmann had general charge of the affair this year. Among the visitors present was Mr. Paul Erd, of Waterloo, Ill. His visits are few, too few, and far between, but always welcome.

The convention of "Progressive Oralists," under the leadership of Dr. Max Goldstein was in session in this city the early part of the week of June 17th. There were about one hundred in attendance among whom were Miss Alma Chapin, principal of the San Francisco Day School, Mr. J. D. Wright, of New York, and Mr. F. W. Booth, of Omaha. An interesting program from a "pure oral" view point featured the Convention.

Jobs for Deaf-Mutes.

The scarcity of labor in New England is so serious that one of the large rubber factories in Boston has placed advertisements in the newspapers for deaf-mutes. One large shoe concern already is employing scores of mothers, and the children are kept in a kindergarten in the factory while the mothers work.

In Miss Ruth Wilson, a native of Bay City, Mich., but now of Idaho, Michigan claims the rare honor of having graduated with a Degree a deaf young lady from a college for hearing persons. Having lost her hearing completely at the age of eight years, Miss Wilson received her education at the Bay City Day School for the Deaf, the Bay City High School, the Michigan State School for the Deaf, and the Twin Falls (Idaho) High School, having graduated in 1915. Although competing with hearing persons, she has won the admiration and esteem of the faculty at the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti, where for the past three years she has specialized in the Physical Training Course. We are very proud of our member's pluck and courage in doing what no other deaf girl in our State has done.—E. M. E.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidmann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 2006 Virginia Avenue